FOR YOUNG FOLKS

THE other day I dropped in to visit a friend. As I opened the door, I heard excited voices inside. I knew that Tommy was again getting a scolding. Tommy, you must know, is my friend's youngest son, a boy of about twelve years.

"Why can't I have it?" I heard Tommy ask.

"I told you, you can't," his father answered angrily.

"But I want to know why I can't," cried Tommy.

"You can't, that's all. Shut up now."

I didn't stay long there. I don't like to be where people are quarreling. But I wanted to know what they were quarreling about. So when I was ready to go I called to Tommy:

"Say, Tom, let's go down to the park, will you?"

"You betcher," said Tom.

Tom and I are old friends, so I made no bones about wanting to know why his father scolded him.

"Well, you see," he said, "my pants are all torn and I asked father to buy me a new pair. He said I couldn't have it. I asked him why and he told me to shut up."

I could see that Tom felt very hurt. At first I thought it was because he couldn't have new pants, but after awhile he said:

"It's always 'shut up!' It makes me sick. Father never tells me why. 'You can't, that's all'," Tommy tried to mimic his father's voice.

I saw that Tommy was a fine, proud lad. Why shouldn't he know, I asked myself. I was thinking hard over it as I walked with the boy, when he broke out again.

"I ain't no kid any more," he said angrily. "Father don't know that."

"You know what, Tom," I said, "if your father doesn't answer your questions, *I'll* try to answer them."

"Will you?" he cried joyfully.

But the next minute he said, "No, you can't."

"Why?" I asked, a little hurt. "Try me; perhaps I can."

"No, it ain't that," he answered. "There's many things I want to know, oh, ever so many questions I can ask. And if you ain't around, how am I going to remember them all?"

Here was a hard one. I was anxious to know what questions Tom would ask me, and I wanted to help him to an answer. But he was right. I am a busy man and I couldn't see him often. What could be done?

I looked at Tommy as we were walking along. His fine young face seemed troubled. I could see he was thinking hard. All of a sudden he stopped.

"Say, I got it," he cried. "I'll write it out."

"What do you mean, Tommy?"

"Well, every time I think of something to ask you, I'll write it down, and then when I see you, I'll ask you all the questions at once."

"It's a fine idea, Tom," I said. But as I was speaking, another thought struck me. Perhaps I would have never thought of it if it were not for Tom.

"It's a fine idea, Tom," I said again, "but what do you say to this: you write down your questions and bring them to me. You know I publish a paper. Well, I'll answer your questions in the paper."

"You'll put my name in, too?" he asked bashfully.

"Yes, if you want it."

"Do I? But—" he stopped as if ashamed.

"But what, Tom?"

"People will read it and think my questions foolish."

"Oh, no, don't worry about that, Tom. Questions are never foolish when you really want to know."

"Honest, now?"

"Honest."

And that's how Tom and I made the bargain. He said he'll bring me his questions, but he was afraid there will be too many. But when I told him that it will be all right, he said he would tell the other fellows to send in their questions, too. They all had questions, he said; the boys and the girls also. And I'll bet that you boys and girls, who read this, have some questions, too. Send them in to me. And next week I am going to answer Tom's first question, the one that his father wouldn't answer. ALECK.

MEETINGS AND LECTURES

(Under this heading announcements will be made free of charge to Labor and Radical Organizations)

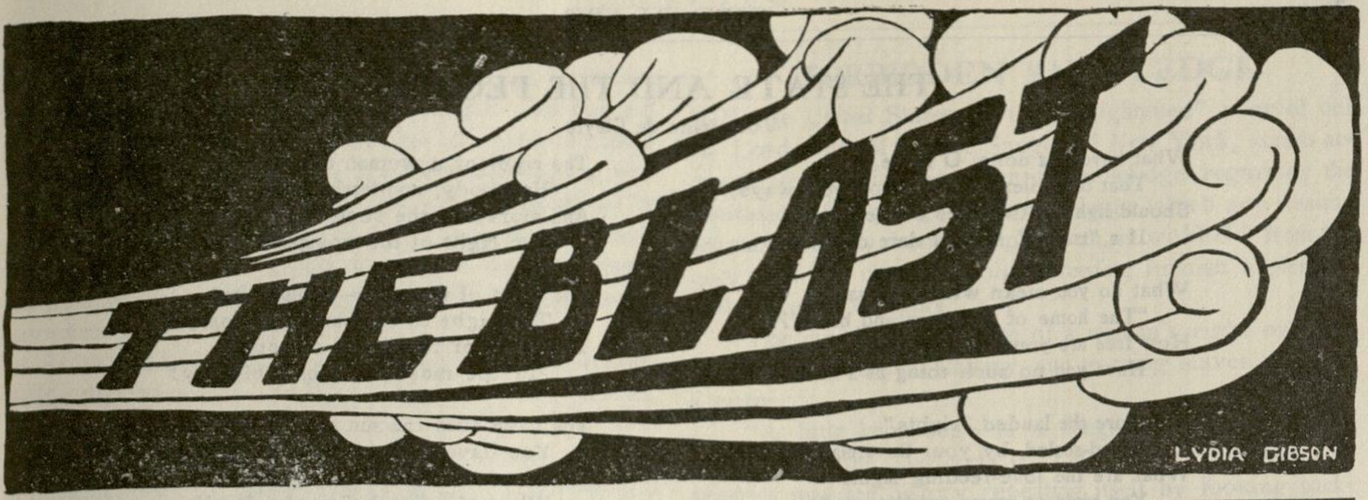
CURRENT EVENTS CLUB will meet every Friday, 8 P. M., **sharp**, at Averill Hall, 1256 Market Street near 9th. No lectures. Discussion of important events of the week.

* * *

Saturday, February 12th, 8 p. m., Union of Russian Workers will produce Gogol's play "Marriage." American Film Hall, 425 Hoffman Avenue. Admission, 25c.

* * *

ARTHUR SWAN will speak at the Solidarity Club, Sunday, February 6th, 8 p. m., on "The Revolution in Mexico." Woodmen's Hall, 3345 Seventeenth Street.



VOL. 1 SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1916 No. 5



The Boss's wife can buy information to limit her family.

The Boss can buy your children to supply his factories with cheap labor.

THE STATE AND THE PEOPLE

Voltairine de Cleyre

What have you done, O State,
  That the toilers should shout your ways;
Should light up the fires of their hate
  If a "traitor" should dare dispraise?

What do you mean when you say
  "The home of the free and brave"?
How free are your people, pray?
  Have you no such thing as a slave?

What are the lauded "rights,"
  Broad-sealed, by your Sovereign Grace?
What are the love-feeding sights
  You yield to your subject race?

The rights! Ah! the right to toil,
  That another, idle, may reap;
The right to make fruitful the soil
  And a meagre pittance to keep!

The right of a woman to own
  Her body, spotlessly pure,
And starve in the street—alone!
  The right of the wronged—to endure!

The right of the slave—to his yoke!
  The right of the hungry—to pray!
The right of the toiler—to vote
  For the master who buys his day!

You have sold the sun and the air!
  You have dealt in the price of blood!
You have taken the lion's share
  While the lion is fierce for food!

You have laid the load of the strong
  On the helpless, the young, the weak!
You have trod out the purple of wrong;—
  Beware when their wrath shall wreak!

THE MEANING OF MARGARET SANGER'S STAND

Reb Raney

I see a scale as I begin to write: On one side is Hearst, Roosevelt, et al., laden with gas bombs and tools made for slaughter. They appear to ascend, for they are held aloft by the inanimate wings of a powerful aeroplane labeled Fear; on the other side of the scale is Margaret Sanger, descending sufficiently to touch the form of a bent, very weary little creature, who plainly is Woman. As she touches the dejected figure, it looks toward the other side of the scale, hesitates for just a moment, and then, without removing its gaze from the terrifying thing above, smiles very faintly but perceptibly. You can see this picture yourself, if you close your eyes and think a moment. It isn't a fancy. It's real.

As to how Margaret Sanger was able to do this thing, with the entire weight of institutional decay against her; and notwithstanding her words that "if we could depend upon a strong and consistently revolutionary support in such battles, instead of weakened efforts to effect a compromise with the courts, there would be much greater stimulation for individuals to enter revolutionary activity": Margaret Sanger herself has proved that "support" is secondary and not primal. She has illustrated that when a man or a woman goes armed with a Purpose, with utter faith in him or herself, and with that sublime indifference which reckons personal safety a matter of no consequence, the result cannot be other than an indentation which is both luminous and lasting. It never occurred to this daring soul to inquire if anyone would stand by her. Her "revolutionary activity" was not the fruit of assurances of support from liberal-minded discerners. No, it was the product of her own discernment, and woe be to the set, immobile thing which collides with the seeing eye that isn't afraid.

Oh, you labor leaders, and would-be saviors, and argumentative theorists, mark you well the clause, "which reckons personal safety a matter of no consequence." The fact that Margaret Sanger never for a moment cared what became of *her,* is why she was able to open the door to a new, freer, wider, loftier sphere for herself and the rest of her statute-bruised sisterhood. If any fault can be found with labor men who have been on trial, it is that they shrink back and sit in silence while professional fakirs deny that Labor itself is On Trial. It is this cringing timidity that invites buckshot in law courts as well as out of them. Support is a thing which responds to Fearlessness. Let the man or woman who *acts* stand up and face dissension, and dissension—which is as fickle as a Fifth Avenue baby—will resolve itself into the kind of acclaim that moves jurists to listen.

Too long has woman moistened the world with blood gifts wrung from her unwilling frame by her color-blind sons. She has received, sustained, brought forth endlessly, for what? For "the new crop," as Bismarck called the new edition of infant soldiers-to-be, after the Franco-Prussian war. And this because the printed words "prevention of conception" have been labeled unspeakably vile by the very ones who trade on the workability of the process! Fie, on the whole hypocritical job-lot of phrase-building nincompoops! Man, with all his intellect and sagacity, has chiefly succeeded in marring the very coating of the earth with the bleached corpuscles of his own sons. Nor has he stopped. But Woman has. And surely the birds in the belfries of heaven will concur in saying it was time that a victim should step forth and say: You shall drain us no longer!

The particular point of interest in this case is Mrs. Sanger's purpose "to separate the idea of prevention of conception and birth control from the sphere of pornography." She shows the keenness of her mind by realizing that this is the vulnerable point of the "nasty" theory argument. Who has not from childhood been told that the sex union is a kaleidoscopic affair—holier than heaven if done by script, but baser than hell if done otherwise. Just so, do

the decreers tell us in one breath that woman is the holiest thing the Great Builder ever chiseled, while with pen and paper they write it as their opinion that the same charming creature is only good in spots, and that that person who would save her from having an additional spot should be castigated penally forevermore. As if it is not the same woman and the same acts which have given them the stature and temerity to assail the thing they do not even faintly comprehend!

So all because a single woman stood up and refuted the idea that there was anything "nasty" about *any* woman, we ladies are hereafter to derive the benefits of sex preparedness. Where are you, Editors, you sleepy absorbers of Annielaurieism? Flick the clots from your worn-out quill pens and speak for that which has come about in spite of you. Never mind your military preparedness or your anti-military preparedness. Here is something moving in your midst, which is going to rust every hole in your cannon belchers and muffle your powder in an eternity of sleep.

THE WOMAN REBEL

I, a woman, am first a human being.

I know now that I am no longer a mystery. I am one of a species, possessing certain characteristics in common with all members of my species, male and female. I possess a body; I require food, shelter and raiment. I possess the power of locomotion. I possess the power of conscious and sub-conscious mental action. I possess of myself five senses. I can see, feel, hear, taste and smell. I, a woman, can do these things of myself. I am also an individual detached from all others, but united to my kind by a community of common interests.

I possess the power of self-development, which is my most sacred right. I possess, also, the power of self-education, to appropriate to my own needs that knowledge which I desire and which I believe to be to my interest to possess, for I possess the power of free-thought.

I possess the power to reject, for myself, all teaching, dogma and tradition which conflict with my sense of personal liberty, for I possess my own spirit.

I also possess the power of co-operation with my fellows and the power of mutual aid, which I count among my joys and evidence to myself of my own development.

I possess the power to give and receive love, for I possess my own emotions and the intelligence to distinguish between emotion and sensation.

I possess the appreciation of beauty: in nature, the arts and in sympathetic companionship with my fellows, and the power to appropriate these according to my own needs.

I possess the function of motherhood and the power to exercise it or reject it, according to the dictates of my conscience and desire, for I possess my own body. I possess the power of reproduction, but I am more than a biological specimen—I am a human spirit.

I am The Interpreter of Life. Not for others, but in terms of my own needs.

NELLIE TERRY CRAIG.

FORBIDDEN KNOWLEDGE

IN the United States in this "enlightened" year of our Lord, 1916, Margaret Sanger, of New York, stands accused of disseminating scientific knowledge regarding the limitation of offspring. This knowledge, which any wealthy woman may buy from her physician, is withheld from the poor that they may by prolific breeding furnish a plentiful and cheap labor supply.

The denial by the State of a woman's right over her own body constitutes slavery, and teaching slaves was ever a crime.

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing"—to the master when the slave gets it. Let the women rebel. Our readers may see history repeating itself by looking backward a hundred years:

"Any person that teaches any person of color, slave or free, to read or write, or causes such persons to be so taught, is subject to a fine of thirty dollars for each offense; and every person of color who shall keep a school to teach reading or writing is subject to a fine of thirty dollars, or to be imprisoned ten days, and whipped thirty-nine lashes." (City Ordinance, Savannah, Ga., 1818.)

"The reason for this law is that teaching slaves to read and write tends to dissatisfaction in their minds, and to produce insurrection and rebellion." (American Slave Code, p. 321.)

SAVE THE CRACK

THE Boston Massacre of March 5, 1770, may be regarded as the first act in the drama of the American revolution. "From that moment," said Daniel Webster, "we may date the severance of the British Empire."

The presence of British soldiers in King Street, Boston, excited the indignation of the people. Led by Crispus Attucks, a mulatto slave, they attacked the main guard, with more valor than discretion, and were fired upon by Captain Preston's company. Crispus Attucks was the first to fall. In November, 1855, Boston erected a monument to the negro slave who started the American Revolution. That was a long time before the Liberty Bell was ever heard of, and long before it got cracked.

It is recorded in modern history, however, that when this "sacred emblem of American liberty" was returning through darkest Texas from the San Francisco Fair, to its resting place in Sleepy Hollow, Pa., an enraged crowd of citizens (not a mob) sought to attack the Liberty Bell party because a member of the party lifted a negro girl to the car and let her kiss the relic.

The recent lynching of five negroes in Georgia is another instance of the "peaceful and orderly progress of our civilization."

Not even the most law-abiding association of white wage slaves has raised its voice in protest.

Our boasted "equality before the law" becomes a dead letter if the other fellow's skin is darker than ours.

Why bemoan the crack in the Liberty Bell? That crack is truly emblematic of American liberty. In fact, we might sell the Bell as junk, and just save the crack.

A WORD TO YOU

YOU say you are a radical. Perhaps even a revolutionist. You belong to this or that school of social philosophy. You believe that present conditions are wrong; that they create misery and poverty, crime and degradation. You long for a saner and happier life.

What are you doing to help bring it about? You know that things don't change of themselves. You admit that effort is needed. You realize that it is necessary to get more people to think as you do, to make them dissatisfied with what Is, and to inspire them with the passion and courage to strive for the Better.

How is that to be done? Discussion alone won't do it. Making programs for future generations will not change the present.

You know that it is not enough to curse the capitalist, to rave at the intellectual, or to sneer at the masses. That may be good to relieve your feelings. But it does not get you anywhere. Nor is it enough to say, what's the use. When you are hungry, you don't satisfy yourself that way. You have to do something to get a meal. And generally you get it; if you didn't, you wouldn't be here now. Not that it would matter, but the fact is, you *are* here. You usually get the thing you go after, if you go after it hard enough.

That's how things are gotten. We'll get a better world if we want it hard enough. A great thinker once said, "We could have an ideal society tomorrow if enough people would imagine it." If we would imagine and want a thing hard enough, we'd do something to get it. What are *you* doing about it?

What's to be done? you ask. The very first step is to make people dissatisfied with the THINGS THAT ARE. Conscious discontent is the beginning of Change. The second step is to rouse the hope of Something Better and the determination to achieve it.

THE BLAST is trying to do this. Never mind theoretical differences of opinion. We all agree that it is necessary to wake the sleeping, to rouse the slave to a passionate hatred of his chains, to point the way of liberty and progress, and inspire the courage and will to assert his manhood.

That is the work of THE BLAST. Are you willing to help? We can't do this work alone. We need your co-operation. Help gather the Voice of Discontent. It's everywhere, in every "brow that boldly thinks, in every hut that harbors grief, in every bosom that pants and struggles for relief." Its combined volume has power enough to shake the very foundations of our rotten social structure.

Come, help us gather the hosts of discontent and imbue them with conscious purpose. Their irresistible march will sweep off the earth all that is false, decayed and rotten.

Not in the next century or in the next decade is this to be done. It must be done now. It *can* be done—with your help.

Will you help?

We are waiting to hear from you.

THE BLASTERS.

THE MADNESS OF JINGOISM

WORSE than all the bloodshed of war is the madness and murderous insanity with which Jingoism fills the heart and mind. Think of Rudyard Kipling now demanding that "all the Teutons be exterminated." He emphasizes this good Christian advice by adding, "The Teutons must be killed in retail if they cannot be killed in wholesale." Nor is Kipling the exception. Most of the great writers, poets and artists of the Allies, as well as of Germany and Austria, speak in similar terms.

Shall we of the United States invite this terrible madness? Let those who still remain sane lose no time in stemming the onrushing tide of bloodthirsty Jingoism in this country.

PREPARE! PREPARE!!

YOU, rebel workers, radicals and revolutionists of whatever persuasion—wake up before it is too late! Do you want this country to become a military camp like Prussia or an armed barracks like Russia?

That is just what will happen if you continue to sit idly by while mad Jingoes and munitions manufacturers frighten the popular mind with the fear of imaginary external enemies and inflame it with murderous patriotism.

Prepare, workers, rebels, revolutionists, to be treated in times of peace as your rebel brothers are treated in Russia. Remember Black Friday—and the Ludlow massacre. It is not such a far cry from Colorado, Michigan, Paterson and Lawrence to Moscow and Petrograd.

Are you going to permit militarism to get the upper hand in this country?

TO WORK, REBELS!

GET on the job, you militant workers. Forget your pet schemes for a while. A great menace is facing you. It is gaining momentum with every passing day. Your inactivity lends it courage and strength.

O that I might paint for you the monster of militarism, to show you its true face in all its horrible nakedness. To picture to you the thousands upon thousands of dead, the numberless widows and orphans, the millions of maimed and crippled, the wretched remnants of what once were healthy, strong human beings, the hopeless misery and woe. To show you your chains riveted tenfold stronger than they are even now, your slavery more galling and degrading.

Will you keep silent while all this is coming about? Rouse yourselves! Raise your voice from the Pacific to the Atlantic. Let it resound in every village, city and State till it circles this wide land, East and West, North and South, carrying terror into the hearts of the enemies of Man, the craven politician and the profit greedy masters that fatten on your brawn and blood.

To work, then! Organize mass meetings, speak from street corners, send your agitators through the length and breadth of the land. Let your motto be, Not a man for militarism; our lives for Liberty!

Young Folks

Sorry that your column had to be left out this week. We are awfully crowded for space. Have patience till next week. Meanwhile write to me.

ALECK.

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HOW ABOUT OURSELVES?

Warren Van Valkenburgh

FOR nineteen centuries the Caucasian minority of the human race has presumed to monopolize civilization, and claim for itself all the laurels for whatever questionable progress has been made during that time.

The current events taking place in Europe are fairly indicative of the height above the beast to which this pale-faced Arrogance has elevated mankind.

Looking out upon the wake of our course through the ages, one might be excused for inquiring in just what degree of development we today stand superior to any stage of human conduct prevailing during the pre-Christian period.

We prate of the inventive genius that has conquered the elements and made them the servants of man; we boast of mechanical achievements capable of lightening the burdens of labor; of the scientific discoveries that have laid bare the mysteries of Nature; of the revelations whereby through the concentration of known forces, hitherto undreamed of, projects are being daily engineered.

Yet with all the accomplishments that investigation and experience have rendered possible, the welfare of the people is gradually and surely being gathered into the hands of the few who rule and dominate the earth and its inhabitants.

The invention of the printing press far outshines any other single step toward the intellectual emancipation of the masses.

It made men's minds neighbors.

It made possible the interchanging of ideas.

It dethroned the handful of learned ones and gave to man that essential of life which distinguishes him from the brute. By means of the printed page, dormant passivity was generated into healthy discontent.

But with its virtues it also brought vices.

Given an inkling of the luxuries awaiting the unscrupulous, few are the men who can forego the temptation of selling their consciences for the gift we moderns call "success"; and what is more, those few cannot be trusted.

With the broadening of education, made possible by the printing press, the many were taught traits that previously were known to but the privileged few. That the crowning crime of the printing press is the cultivation of soulless deceit, a glimpse into the past unfolds before us.

Hence, instead of the ancestral traditions being handed down to us by word of mouth—which taught the Jews and Hindoos to think—the people now accept the predigested dogmas of teachers' mush as the swine receive their swill.

Why should we wonder, then, that the Powers of Privilege divide the Gods in as many parts as there are nations and churches, and inspire the people to destroy *themselves,* instead of their festering plagues called authorities.

The thrones of the mighty are immediately responsible for the miseries of men, but the primary seat of the power they wield comes from the source upon which it finally lands.

Not the rulers alone are to blame for the crimes they continually commit: the people must recognize the joint conspiracy.

When they are frank enough to admit this, and cease to deal in lies when the truth would serve them better, Justice will arouse from her eternal slumber and a Better Day shall dawn.

THE ALLIES

FROM darkest New Jersey comes the cheerful news (see front page Hearst papers) that the modest William R. is highly praised for his fight against Demon Rum by no less a personage than Billy Sunday, the painless extractor of pennies. Somehow we always had a feeling that this peerless pair would come together, like the proverbial birds of a feather.

With Willie making war and peace, according to the wind that blows the most nickels, and Billy passing the hat among the fans attending the perpetual fight between God and the Devil, we are sure our country is safe.

But Hell is going to hell sure. For Billy says that with Willie's aid "the rum traffic is doomed to hell where it belongs." We lift our voice in protest. It is unconstitutional,—rank heresy. Hell is a dry place, absolutely.

* * *

Causes of War

WHEN the workers become too restless under the lash of commercialism, the word is passed along that some other country is ruining "our markets," or "insulting our flag" to the everlasting detriment of our "national honor."

And our national honor is generally well hidden in the capitalist's pocket.

* * *

Labor's Friends

A recent banquet tendered by E. H. Gary, head of the Steel Trust, in "honor" of Theodore Roosevelt, was attended by seventeen men who own or control 10% of the wealth of the United States.

Gary knew what he was doing.

It is also stated on good authority that a certain labor politician in San Francisco spent $2500 entertaining a number of delegates to the late A. F. of L. Convention at a private banquet, where the bubbling juice flowed like water. A blind ruler of the blind—drunk with power.

Both live on the back of Labor, but Gary at least does not make any hypocritical pretense of friendship.

DIRECT ACTION VS. RESPECTABILITY

IN striking contrast to the "We didn't do it" attitude of the respectable labor leaders ana organizers of the A. F. of L., is the report of George P. West, acting on behalf of the Industrial Relations Commission, relative to the Youngstown riot.

The lesson of Youngstown as we glean it from the report is this:

The wage policy of two so-called "independent" concerns, the Republic Iron & Steel Co. and the Youngstown Sheet & Tube Co. was determined by that of the Steel Corporation, substantially the same conditions of employment prevailing. When the strike started on December 29th, the officers of the steel companies sought the opinion of Judge Gary, president of the Steel Trust, who advised them to resist an advance in wages.

The strike culminated in the rebellion of January 7, 1916, when East Youngstown was sacked and a million dollars worth of property, accumulated from underpaid toil, destroyed.

"The strike," says the report, "was the natural outgrowth of a spontaneous, unorganized rebellion against an economic and industrial regime so oppressive and brutalizing as to overshadow the immediate provocation and render it comparatively insignificant . . . Not only is there likelihood of a repetition of the Youngstown strike at any one of the large steel plants, that altogether employ nearly 300,000 men, but investigation discloses that even such a disaster, shocking as it is, must be regarded as trifling when compared with the heavy toll of death and suffering that has been exacted day after day and year after year by what have come to be regarded as normal conditions in the steel industry."

In 330 typical cases investigated, the heads of the families earned an average of $440 a year. Forty per cent of them earned less than $400, and fourteen per cent less than $200 a year. During the past 8 years the mills have given employment to workmen for only 3 to 5 days a week. In these plants, which since 1913 have earned 12 per cent on common stock, the privilege of working 3 days a week during slack times was doled out as charity, after properly investigating that the man's family was really in need. To keep them alive, baskets of food were occasionally distributed to the most starved families, the cost of which was later deducted from the men's wages.

Summing up the strike the report says: "Your investigator finds that the strike at the Republic Iron & Steel and the Youngstown Sheet & Tube plant won a ten per cent increase in wages, not only for 14,500 strikers, but for all of the employees of the steel corporation, so that it will eventually benefit directly nearly 300,000 men . . . Prosecuting Attorney Henderson declared publicly after his investigation that organized labor had nothing to do with the strike and riot at this plant, although its representatives tried in vain to reach the strikers with restraining influence."

The eternal shame of it!

The slow plodding tactics of the Federation are so hopelessly ineffective that an unorganized mob with a little direct action accomplishes more for 300,000 men in a few days than the A. F. of L. has done in ten years. And when the slaves spontaneously rebel, the official labor leaders try to "reach the strikers with their restraining influence." By sitting on the lid they earn even the approbation of a prosecuting attorney.

The workers have no more insidious enemy than the chicken-hearted labor leader who advises them to be patient and respectable. An ounce of direct action is worth more than tons of paid advice of labor politicians.

THE AMALAGAMTED CLOTHING WORKERS OF AMERICA AND THE CHICAGO STRIKE

THE Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America is the youngest International Organization in this country. It came to life just fifteen months ago out of the ashes of the old Garment Workers' Union.

It happened at the seventeenth biennial convention in Nashville. Officialdom, feeling its throne tottering, resorted to a disguised pretence to refuse to seat the delegates from all the clothing centers. The unseated delegates adjourned to another hotel, where the formation of a revolutionary trade union based on the principle of industrial unionism, took place. In the course of its short existence the Amalgamated has made itself felt all over the country. It has become the expression of true unionism, the nucleus of the revolutionary clothing workers.

The urge that comes with a purposeful ideal inspired its members to make the seemingly impossible possible, to awaken the neglected, sleeping tailor.

No sooner did the delegates return from the historic Nashville convention when a strike broke out in Baltimore, against the firm of Sonneborn & Co. It was the Tailor System against human conditions, the machine versus man, and man won. Then came a prolonged strike in Boston. There the remnants of the old Garment Workers, the bona fide organization recognized by the A. F. of L., were openly scabbing, as they did in Chicago. The strike was lost, but not as in the olden days was it declared off by the General President, issuing orders from his hotel. The members themselves decided to retreat, only to come back at a more opportune time. Next came the New York situation where a strike was averted by a mere mobilization. Recently there were threats of another outbreak, but our forces again got in line ready to fight, and again the manufacturers heeded our demands. They did not dare to fight the fighting A. C. W. of A. The result was full recognition of the Amalgamated and of the principle of the union **shop.**

For many years Chicago has been the scene of labor struggles, but never before in its history did Chicago witness a strike of the nature the Amalgamated waged. Long will it remain in the memory of the revolutionary movement as one of the bitterest struggles the workers have ever fought.

As in other strikes, the police lined up with the bosses. Vain were the attempts made to stop their brutality against the strikers. It will be remembered that during this struggle two strikers lost their lives, several were injured, and nearly two thousand

were arrested; and finally five leaders were indicted on charges of conspiracy and inciting to riot. The indictments were found by a jury composed of business men and bankers, with James Forgan, president of the First National Bank, as its foreman. At the hearing of this grand jury it was proven that the clothing manufacturers employed sluggers who beat up and maimed strikers, and that the Chicago police assisted them at so much per day. Yet it was not "sufficient evidence" to indict any of the manufacturers.

The Chicago strike demonstrated that the Amalgamated is able to take care of its fights. It is admitted by all who are acquainted with the situation that the strikers did not suffer so much starvation, privation, and want as they did in 1910 under the old regime. At that time a bona fide International, twenty years in existence, could not donate more than four thousand dollars, while the International Office of the Amalgamated, less than one year in existence, raised thirty thousand dollars for the Chicago strike.

The Chicago strike typifies the character of the Amalgamated, with its sacrifices and its hardships and the perseverance and courage of the rank and file. It has inspired and revolutionized the tailor; it has made him conscious and aggressive. That is the lesson of a revolutionary labor body.

JACOB POTOFSKY.

INJUNCTIONS

The Hon. Peter Grosskopf, Peace of Justice, Grants a Few to the Employers

Seldom Good

IN the case of the Coal Operators, et al, versus the Coal Miners, et al., in which the Operators is praying dot ve should give them some injunctions which is restraining the working peoples from striking, this Honorable Court vill now hand him down his opinions und decidings.

In the very commencing of the beginning of our Honorable discourse ve wish to say dot, it has been brought to the notice of this Court dot some peoples is of the opinion dot ve can't restrain the striking peoples from striking or nothing else.

Such a talking like dot is for sure a jackass talk for ve is the only Honorable Peace of Justice vot has been able to keep anybody und everybody from striking: when ve is in the humor to do it.

If it should be deemed advisable to do so ve would issue some injunctions restraining the clocks from striking und ve would like to see them violate our Honorable decree.

The controlling question in this case is, can the working peoples be restrained?

It is the decidings of this Peace of Justice dot they can.

Well, if they can be restrained, who is better qualified to do the job than ve is?

For instance: Who will be silly enough to say dot this Honorable Court cannot strain milk?

Well, if ve can strain milk, who will say dot ve can't take dot same milk vot ve have just strained und restrain him?

Any person vot is saying something like dot is for sure a dumb-head.

The logic of our reasoning being admitted ve vill now proceeding mit our decidings.

Some careful examination of the case vill show even the most superficial persons dot the whole question hinges on the words STRAIN und RESTRAIN.

Now, vot is the facts in the case at bar?

The working peoples is dissatisfied mit the wages und conditions which the employers is giving them.

Being dissatisfied, as aforesaid, their relations is strained.

If their relations is strained, then, like milk, they can be restrained.

If the relations of the Working Peoples can be strained und restrained then ve hold, as a logical sequence, dot the Working Peoples themselves can be strained und restrained; to decide otherwise would be to decide in favor of class legislation.

Wherefore, whereas, whereupon und right away our decidings is dot, the aforesaid und aforementioned und specified Working Peoples is hereby und now restrained und during the continuance of our Honorable Injunction they must not even allow their clocks to strike.

You is liking dot kind of a decidings? So? Vot?

CHICKENS COMING HOME TO ROOST

SOME Americans have been killed by "bandits" in Mexico, and as a consequence the American press, capitalistically owned and controlled, is howling for blood.

For the blood of the "bandits" particularly, and if that is not forthcoming, then the blood of any old Mexicans, through armed intervention.

The dear Christian brethren have forgotten all about the doctrine of turning the other cheek. Even the Mosaic law of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth is too mild for most of them. Nothing but a wholesale killing of Mexicans will do.

It is the primal savage code of holding the family, the tribe or nation responsible for the act of any of its members.

It is the spirit behind war.

In his blind and unreasoning desire for revenge, the jingo with patriotism oozing from every pore, never asks the reason why.

The type of Americans who for years have infested Mexico, are the industrial and commercial pirates. Land grabbers, mine grabbers, and oil grabbers, and their managers, superintendents and foremen exploiting the cheap labor of the poor to the last drop of blood. Their only reason for being in Mexico was that legalized plunder was made easy and very profitable.

Then came the revolution and thieving by government assistance was no longer safe. The Rockefeller, Otis and Hearst interests howled long and piteously for the suppression of the revolution. Without peons to work, a million acre ranch was as worthless as a square foot of desert.

The Federal Government repeatedly issued warnings to Americans to get out of Mexico. Through the lust for dollars, these warnings frequently were unheeded. Yet men like Lincoln Steffens, John Turner and John Murra travelled with perfect safety. Why? Because they came to

learn—not to exploit. And American workmen earning their bread in the sweat of their brow, were safer in revolutionary Mexico than among the Cossack constabulary in Pennsylvania, the militia of Colorado or the gunmen of Bayonne.

A revolution takes no cognizance of the laws of property.

For a revolution is in itself an assertion of the rights of man versus property and privilege.

The jails along our southern border, from California to Texas, are filled with Mexicans—not of the upper crust, but by workmen—guilty of being poor, jobless and lacking understanding of our benevolent vagrancy laws, which provide nice soft rock piles for the unemployed.

The murder of foreign workmen, not by fellow workers of the United States, but by the hired assassins of Capitalism, is an everyday occurrence.

Why did not some foreign government intervene in Colorado in behalf of the workers?

For the reason that governments operate only in the interests of the ruling class. Those murdered in Colorado were *only workers*.

Capitalism means profit versus human life.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF WAR

THE fundamental cause of all wars is undoubtedly to be found in the military organization of society. The formation of an army is always prompted by the intention of an aggressive or a defensive war. To be a real military man one has to give up every ideal of human right, and have no other goal than the duty of authority. The primary condition for the strength and efficiency of an army is discipline, by which is meant the absolute submission of the individual will to the order of a leader. In other words, the man becoming a soldier ceases to be a man, and becomes a machine.

But human personality cannot be destroyed altogether, especially in the partly civilized epoch in which we are living. If you take away from the individual the spiritual force that underlies every deep human emotion, you must give him some other basis for his activity. For this purpose, the evil genius of despotism has invented for the soldier the glory and the honor of the flag. With that, it satisfies the idealism that grows in every heart. This gives a noble and holy glamor to the sacrifice which is demanded from the soldier, and at the same time forges the strongest link in the long chain by which despotism holds the nation in slavery.

The monotonous life in the barracks doesn't fulfil this purpose. It therefore becomes necessary to stimulate the courage and ambition of the soldiers by inspiring the hope of great battles and wonderful victories over the enemy. When the defender of the home country is thus excited to the proper patriotic pitch, thinking and dreaming only of murder, blood and violence, in order to win a medal or a title, it merely remains to cry: "Down with the Prussians!" "Down with the French!" These wild mottoes are repeated everywhere by peoples who—far from having any cause for mutual destruction—in reality have every reason to love each other. Instead, their passion of hatred is aroused by telling them that one nation has injured the honor and glory of some other.

Periodic wars are therefore primarily the product and forced result of military organization.

LECTURE TOUR

REBECCA Edelson, whom many of our readers will remember as the first American hunger-striker, is preparing to go on a lecture tour. The list of her subjects includes some of the most important problems of our day: "Society and the Individual," "Science and Social Questions," "Morality," "Militarism," "Feminism," etc.

Of good platform appearance and attractive delivery, Comrade Edelson commands the attention of her audiences by forcible and logical presentation of her subjects. Individuals and organizations interested in one or more of these lectures for their city should communicate at once with Miss Edelson at Grantwood, N. J.

MEETINGS AND LECTURES

Under this heading announcements will be made free of charge to Labor and Radical Organizations.

CURRENT EVENTS CLUB meets *every Friday*, 8 p. m., at Averill Hall, 1256 Market, opposite City Hall. No lecturing. Discussion of important events of the week. Musical selections. Admission free.

WALTER HOLLOWAY, Rationalist, Phelan Bldg., Sundays, 8 p. m. Feb. 13th, "Religion of Washington and Lincoln"—Fact vs. Myth.

SMOKER and Entertainment of the I. W. W., 338 Fifth St., Oakland, Sat., Feb. 12, 8 p. m.

HOWARD SCHAEFLE, Poet, Sunday, Feb. 13, 8 p. m., 3345 17th St., "Poetry and Puissance."

OPEN FORUM, every Thursday evening, Averill Hall. Free discussion.

SATURDAY, February 12th, 8 p. m., Union of Russian Workers will produce Gogol's play "Marriage." American Film Hall, 425 Hoffman Avenue. Admission 25c.